

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

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### Review of New Books.

*Political Essays, with Sketches of Public Characters.* By William Hazlitt. 8vo. pp. 439. London, 1819.

MR. HAZLITT is a writer who has acquired some celebrity by his *Essays on Politics, Poetry, and the Drama*, on all which subjects he entertains somewhat peculiar opinions; and these, by the discussions they have provoked, have always rendered a new production from his pen a subject of interest. Mr. Hazlitt's writings display more brilliancy of imagination than profoundness, and more acuteness of remark than force of reasoning; there is, in the whole of them, an exuberance of imagination which sometimes runs riot, and betrays him into ludicrous absurdities, as was particularly the case with his definition of poetry; but still he is a writer far above the ordinary cast, and there are very few subjects on which he treats, but he adds something to our stock of information; he thinks for himself, and does not build his opinions on the creeds of others; and could we divest him of his egotism, his ultra-political opinions, and his personal invectives, there are few writers we should consult with greater satisfaction.

The present volume consists of a number of Political Essays on various subjects, and written at various periods, from the year 1800 to the present time. Most of them, we believe, have already appeared in the diurnal press, and in papers of directly opposite principles, from the *Morning Post and Courier* to the *Morning Chronicle* and *Examiner*; not that these essays are on both sides of the question in politics, for we must do Mr. Hazlitt the justice to say, that if he is 'any thing he is *uniform*' in his politics. But although these papers have already been before the public, and some of them are on subjects of a temporary nature, yet the way in which they are treated has given them a permanent interest, and we do not recollect having met with any collection of political essays presenting so much diversity, or so likely to afford general gratification; for, notwithstanding the violence of Mr. H.'s politics, there is such a happy vein of humour and irony runs through some of these pieces, as to 'cover a multitude of sins.' Among these essays, we recollect some we read with pleasure at the time they were written, and which will be readily recognized by most readers. There are in all, we believe, about fifty papers, including characters of Lord Chatham, Burke, Fox, and Pitt, and one of Marquis Wellesley, which first appeared in the *Courier*, and was attributed to Mr. Croker, by the *Morning Chronicle*! 'Illustrations of Vetus,'—'Dottrel Catching'—'Mr. Owen's New View of Society'—'Coleridge's Lay Sermon and Statesman's Manual'—'The Fudge Family in Paris'—'The Poet Laureat' and 'New Year's

Vol. I.

Ode'—'The Spy System'—'Wat Tyler and the Quarterly Review'—'The Clerical Character'—'The Regal Character'—'Court Influence,' and an able refutation of the frightful system of Malthus.

Mr. Hazlitt's politics are not our politics, nor, indeed, do we know any individual we would associate him with, unless, perhaps, it should be Mr. Hunt, (not the 'orator,') of whom we know nothing, but presume he is brother to Leigh Hunt, but who is honoured by the dedication of this work, and with no common praise; he is said to be 'that rare character, a man of common sense and common honesty.' Mr. Hazlitt evidently does not belong to any of the parties into which English politicians have divided,—he is a political Ishmaelite, whose pen is against every one; indeed, we have heard some of his friends designate him as a 'stern republican.' Be this as it may, there is much in the volume before us against which we enter our protest; for instance, we do not think an Englishman is 'become sworn brother to the Pope, familiar to the holy inquisition, an encourager of the massacre of his Protestant brethren, a patron of the Bourbons, and jailor to the liberties of mankind,' nor that John Bull is now 'turned bully and coward.' And, although we have not a superstitious reverence for the 'powers that are,' we have too much respect for the popular branch of the legislature, to term it a 'mob,' or a 'motley crew of knights, citizens, and burgesses.'

From the preface, which is sufficiently violent, we shall extract the characters of 'a Reformer,' 'a Whig,' and 'Tory,' all sketched in the author's happiest manner; we think we may venture to say this without at all compromising those political principles which differ so widely from Mr. Hazlitt; and first, of the 'Reformer':—

'Tory sticks to Tory: Whig sticks to Whig: the Reformer sticks neither to himself nor to any body else. It is no wonder he comes to the ground with all his schemes and castle building. A house divided against itself cannot stand. It is a pity, but it cannot be helped. A Reformer is necessarily and naturally a marplot, for the foregoing and the following reasons. First, he does not very well know what he would be at. Secondly, if he did, he does not care very much about it. Thirdly, he is governed habitually by a spirit of contradiction, and is always wise beyond what is practicable. He is a bad tool to work with; a part of a machine that never fits its place; he cannot be trained to discipline, for he follows his own idle humours, or drilled into an obedience to orders; for the first principle of his mind is the supremacy of conscience, and the independent right of private judgment. A man, to be a Reformer, must be more influenced by imagination and reason, than by received opinions or sensible impressions. With him, ideas bear sway over things; the possible is of more value than the real; that which is not, is better than that which is. He is, by the supposition, a speculative, (and somewhat fantastical,) character; but there is no end of possible speculations, of imaginary questions, and nice distinctions; or

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if there were, he would not willingly come to it; he would still prefer living in the world of his own ideas, be for raising some new objection, and starting some new chimera, and never be satisfied with any plan that he found he could realize. Bring him to a fixed point, and his occupation would be gone. A Reformer never is, but always to be blest, in the accomplishment of his airy hopes and shifting schemes of progressive perfectibility. Let him have the plaything of his fancy, and he will spoil it, like the child that makes a hole in its drum: set some brilliant illusion before his streaming eyes, and he will lay violent hands upon it, like little wanton boys that play with air-bubbles. Give him one thing, and he asks for another; like the dog in the fable, he loses the substance for the shadow: offer him a great good, and he will not stretch out his hand to take it, unless it were the greatest possible good. And then who is to determine what is the greatest possible good? Among a thousand pragmatistical speculators, there will be a thousand opinions on this subject; and the more they differ, the less will they be inclined to give way or compromise the matter. With each of these, his self-opinion is the first thing to be attended to; his understanding must be satisfied in the first place, or he will not budge an inch; he cannot for the world give up a principle to a party. He would rather have slavery than liberty, unless it is a liberty precisely after his own fashion: he would sooner have the Bourbons than Buonaparte; for he truly is for a republic, and if he cannot have that, is indifferent about the rest. So, (to compare great things with small,) Mr. Place, of Charing Cross, chose rather that Mr. Hobhouse should lose his election, than that it should not be accompanied with his resolutions, so he published his resolutions and lost Mr. Hobhouse his election. That is, a patriot of this stamp is really indifferent about every thing but what he cannot have; instead of making his option between two things, a good or an evil, within his reach, our exquisite Sir sets up a third thing as the object of his choice, with some impossible condition annexed to it,—to dream, to talk, to write, to be meddlesome and troublesome about, to serve him for a topic of captious discontent or vague declamation, and which, if he saw any hopes of cordial agreement or practical co-operation to carry it into effect, he would instantly contrive to mar, and split it into a thousand fractions, doubts, and scruples, to make it an impossibility for any thing ever to be done for the good of mankind, which is merely the plaything of his theoretical imbecility and active impertinence! The goddess of his idolatry is and will always remain a cloud, instead of a Juno. One of these virtuosos, these Nicolas Gimcracks of reform, full of intolerable and vain conceit, sits smiling in the baby-house of his imagination, "pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw," trimming the balance of power in the looking-glass of his own self-complacency, having every thing his own way at a word's speaking, making the "giant-mass" of things only a reflection of his personal pretensions, approving every thing that is right, condemning every thing that is wrong, in compliment to his own character, considering how what he says will affect not the cause, but himself; keeping himself aloof from party spirit, and from every thing that can cast a shade on the fancied delicacy of his own breast, and thus letting the cause of liberty slip through his fingers, and be spilt like water on the ground:—while another, more bold than he, in a spirit of envy and ignorance, quarrels with all those who are labouring at the same oar, lays about him like mad, runs a-muck at every one who has done, or is likely to do, any thing to promote the common object, and with his desperate club dashes out his neighbour's brains, and thinks he has done a good piece of service to the cause, because he has glutted his own ill-humour and self-will, which he mistakes for the love of liberty and a zeal for truth! Others, not able to do mischief enough singly, club their senseless contradictions and unmanageable humours together, turn their attention to cabal and chicane, get into committees, make speeches, move or second resolutions, dictate to their followers, set up for the heads of a party, in opposition to another party; abuse, vilify, expose, betray,

counteract, and undermine each other in every way, and throw the game into the hands of the common enemy, who laughs in his sleeve, and watches them and their little perverse pettifogging passions at work for him, from the high tower of his pride and strength! If an honest and able man arises among them, they grow jealous of him, and would rather, in the petty ostracism of their minds, that their cause should fail, than that another should have the credit of bringing it to a triumphant conclusion. They criticise his conduct, carp at his talents, denounce his friends, suspect his motives, and do not rest, till, by completely disgusting him with the name of Reform and Reformers, they have made him what they wish, a traitor and deserter from a cause that no man can serve! This is just what they like—they satisfy their malice, they have to find out a new leader, and the cause is to begin again!

The next is of the Tory:—

'A Tory is one who is governed by sense and habit alone. He considers not what is possible, but what is real; he gives might the preference over right. He cries long life to the conqueror, and is ever strong upon the stronger side—the side of corruption and prerogative. He says what others say; he does as he is prompted by his own advantage. He knows on which side his bread is buttered, and that St. Peter is well at Rome. He is for going with Sancho to Camacho's wedding, and not for wandering with Don Quixote in the desert, after the mad lover. Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to reform, but broad is the way that leadeth to corruption, and multitudes there are that walk therein. The Tory is sure to be in the thickest of them. His principle is to follow the leader; and this is the infallible rule to have numbers and success on your side, to be on the side of success and numbers. Power is the rock of his salvation; priestcraft is the second article of his implicit creed. He does not trouble himself to inquire which is the best form of government—but he knows that the reigning monarch is "the best of kings." He does not, like a fool, contest for modes of faith; but, like a wise man, swears by that which is by law established. He has no principles himself, nor does he profess to have any, but will cut your throat for differing with any of his bigotted dogmas, or for objecting to any act of power that he supposes necessary to his interest. He will take his Bible oath that black is white, and that whatever is, is right, if it is for his convenience. He is for having a slice in the loan, a share in a borough, a situation in the church or state, or for standing well with those who have. He is not for empty speculations, but for full pockets. He is for having plenty of beef and pudding, a good coat to his back, a good house over his head, and for cutting a respectable figure in the world. He is *Epicuri degrege porcus*—not a man but a beast. He is steyed in his prejudices—he wallows in the mire of his senses—he cannot get beyond the trough of his sordid appetites, whether it is of gold or wood. Truth and falsehood are, to him, something to buy and sell; principle and conscience something to eat and drink. He tramples on the plea of humanity, and lives, like a caterpillar, on the decay of public good. Beast as he is, he knows that the king is the fountain of honour, that there are good things to be had in the church, treats the cloth with respect, bows to a magistrate, lies to the tax-gatherer, nicknames the reformers, and "blesses the Regent and the Duke of York." He treads the primrose path of preferment; "when a great wheel goes up a hill, holds fast by it, and, when it rolls down, lets it go." He is not an enthusiast, a Utopian philosopher, or a Theophilanthropist, but a man of business and the world, who minds the main chance, does as other people do, and takes his wife's advice to get on in the world, and set up a coach for her to ride in, as fast as possible. This fellow is in the right, and "wiser in his generation than the children of the light."

The last is of the Whig, which, though the feeblest drawn, is a pretty correct portrait:—

'A Whig is properly what is called a trimmer—that is, a



coward to both sides of a question, who dare not be a knave nor an honest man, but is a sort of whiffling, shuffling, cunning, silly, contemptible, unmeaning negation of the two. He is a poor purblind creature, who halts between two opinions, and complains that he cannot get any two people to think alike. He is a cloak for corruption, and a mar-plot to freedom. He will neither do any thing himself, nor let any one else do it. He is on bad terms with the government, and not on good ones with the people. He is an impertinence and a contradiction in the state. If he has a casting weight, for fear of overdoing the mark, he throws it into the wrong scale. He is a person of equally feeble understanding and passions. He has some notion of what is right, just enough to hinder him from pursuing his own interest: he has selfish and worldly prudence enough, not to let him embark in any bold or decided measure for the advancement of truth and justice. He is afraid of his own conscience, which will not let him lend his unqualified support to arbitrary measures; he stands in awe of the opinion of the world, which will not let him express his opposition to those measures with warmth and effect. His politics are a strange mixture of cross purposes. He is wedded to forms and appearances, impeded by every petty obstacle and pretext of difficulty, more tenacious of the means than the end—anxious to secure all suffrages, by which he secures none; hampered not only by the ties of friendship to his actual associates, but to all those that he thinks may become so; and unwilling to offer arguments to convince the reason of his opponents, lest he should offend their prejudices, by shewing them how much they are in the wrong; "letting I dare not wait upon I would, like the poor cat in the adage;" stickling for the letter of the constitution, with the affectation of a prude, and abandoning its principles with the effrontery of a prostitute, to any shabby coalition he can patch up with its deadly enemies. This is very pitiful work, and, I believe, the public, with me, are tolerably sick of the character.

*Young Arthur; or, the Child of Mystery: a Metrical Romance.* By C. Dibdin. 8vo. pp. 322. London, 1819.

We love modesty in authors as well as in women, but really the talents of Mr. Charles Dibdin are too well known to the public to render it necessary to appeal either to the memory of his father, who has added many leaves to the 'lyrical laurel of his country,' or to his brother, who so happily combines superior talents with the best qualities of the heart. We repeat, that Mr. C. Dibdin might have ventured his 'Young Arthur' without an apology, especially as several of his productions, though not acknowledged, have got a pretty firm hold of the public.

We have read this Romance with much pleasure, and though the transitions from 'grave to gay, from lively to severe,' are rather too sudden, and in some degree break the thread of the story, yet they are less objectionable than might have been expected; and they are the eccentricities of a man of genius.

We will not attempt to follow the hero of the tale from the time that he was discovered a deserted infant at a cottage door, to his restoration to his father, Sir Brandon, but shall detach a few of the numerous beauties which this romance contains, in all the varieties of verse which our language possesses, and which will serve as a fair specimen of the whole; and first,—

THE RUIN AND THE IVY.

A mouldering ruin seem'd sullen to stand,  
Like the spirit of greatness oppress'd by the hand  
Of tyranny; scorning the arrogant hand,  
But too feeble to stay its rude fall;

The portal, thro' which noble guests had flock'd fast,  
Now, open, admits but the boor and the blast;  
And nothing remains to the present of past  
But the ivy that clings round the wall.

O, many the strain there has echoed around,  
And many the feet that have danc'd to the sound;  
Now the owl and the bat are sole visitors found,  
Where the brave and the fair grac'd the ball;  
For ruin came there; and the fair, and the gay,  
All fled, as, when sun sets, flit shadows away;  
And nothing that pictures of friendship will stay  
But the ivy that clings 'round the wall.

It grew when the Gallant with gaiety came,  
When the castle tow'rd high; far resounded its fame;  
Now nothing is left but its sear and its shame,  
For its form scarce can mem'ry recall:  
But, by all though forsaken, in ruin still proud,  
It moulders in silence, its wrongs speak aloud;  
Yet friendship still cheers it, despiting the crowd,  
In the ivy that clings 'round the wall.'

The following hymn would not disgrace Watts or Addison:—

'There is an eye that all surveys,  
A hand that all directs;  
There is a power for all purveys,  
A power that all protects.  
There is an hope can ne'er deceive,  
A trust can ne'er betray;  
There is a grace, when mortals grieve,  
Can wipe the tear away.  
There is a guide, there is a guard,  
Who watches while we sleep:  
And trust is sure, in watch or ward,  
The desert or the deep.  
Sweeter than morning's incense rise,  
To him whom mercies move,  
The humble unaffected sighs  
Of gratitude and love!

'The Lament,' and a song which has been enriched with Whitaker's music, and the charms of Miss Stephens' voice, as well as 'Lost Peace' and 'Wild Flowers,' we transfer to our pages without comment, as they all possess varied beauties of the highest order:—

LAMENT.

'Where is the balm can heal my heart,  
Where is the hope can a gleam impart  
To cheer me?  
My tears and sighs, to heaven address'd,  
Like pray'rs unanswer'd bring not rest;  
Ah! will he hear me?  
But there's an hour to man unknown,  
When Heaven shall smile on the hearts that moan.  
Sorrow who bears with a patient mind  
In that blest hour shall a solace find:  
Hope, cheer me!  
Ne'er was the sigh of confiding pain  
Heav'd to heaven and heav'd in vain;  
Heaven will hear me!  
Yes, there's an hour to man unknown  
When heaven shall smile on the hearts that moan.'

SONG.

'Fancy dipp'd her pen in dew\*,  
Distill'd from leaves of gayest flowers;  
Her paper from soft fibres grew,  
Purloin'd from buds in rosy bowers;

\*This has been sung by Miss Stephens, composed by Mr. Whitaker.



Then she wrote a lay, to prove  
Hearts might safely toy with love :  
Archly smiling, Love was there,  
And cried, " of Fancy, maids, beware !"  
' Roguish Love took May dew then,  
And from his wing a feather taking  
He dipp'd it in, and chang'd her pen :  
And all her lay seem'd Love's own making :  
She wrote of love with such sweet art,  
She read, and sigh'd, and lost her heart :  
Archly jeering, Love was there,  
And cried " of Fancy, maids, beware. "

#### ' LOST PEACE.

' O, came ye o'er the barren moor,  
Or down the mossy mountain ;  
O, came ye by yon rosy bow'r,  
Or yonder sparkling fountain ?  
Or, came you by the greenwood shade,  
And rove you whence or whither ;  
And did you see a wand'ring maid ?  
O, haste and call her hither.  
O, by her lovely eyes of blue,  
Whose beams so artless shew her ;  
O, by her cheeks of amaranth hue  
And heavenly smile, you'll know her :  
What sweeter than her name can be ?  
'Tis Peace—she's gone, ah ! whither ?  
And if you pity feel for me,  
O, haste and call her hither !'

#### ' WILD FLOWERS.

' There's a little red flower grows in the high grass,  
Minute, but more fanciful form never grew ;  
It catches the eye as you carelessly pass,  
And seems like a little bright ruby of dew.  
Fair lady, go look ; and, the fact while you prove,  
Though you may not think so, ah ! many may say,  
" That flower looks like bashful and innocent love,  
Peeping at beauty, and wooing her stay."  
The name of that flower I never yet knew,  
So I wrote in Love's Flora, *THE RUBY OF DEW*.  
There's a little blue flower, too, blooms in the grass,  
A variety this, and as brilliant in hue ;  
And it seems as if morning, there chancing to pass,  
Had dropp'd a bright bead from her bracelet of blue,  
Fair lady, go look, and the fact while you prove  
There are who may think, and admiring, may say,  
" That flower looks like modest ingenuous Love,  
Peeping at Gracefulness, wooing her stay."  
And its name as *THE BEAD OF THE MORNING* you'll view,  
Where I trac'd in Love's Flora, the ruby of dew.'

It is not, however, merely in the narrating an interesting story, or in diversifying it by episodes such as we have selected, that this romance differs from the generality ; but there is scarcely a page in which some moral truth is not expressed, or some vice held up to detestation, or some folly satirized. The following passage depicts, in glowing colours, the cruelty of those unnatural mothers who abandon their offspring :—

' What parents those  
Of Chiron form, half human, and half brute,  
In nature neither—for the hyena, fierce,  
Forgets not that she bore her young ones—What  
Parents are those who to the sport of chance  
Can leave their offspring ? judge they from themselves  
Of others ? if they do, can they have hope  
That mercy shall at any portal stand  
To soften the effect of their gaunt sin,  
By taking charge of what their shame deserts ?  
Should they not rather fancy that this charge

Would, like the sear'd and solitary leaf,  
Be driven away, and in the waste be lost ?'

It seems almost unmanly to attack those effeminate called Dandies ; but, perhaps, some of our readers may be pleased with the definition of those ' new insects,' as Mr. D. calls them :—

' " Dandy ! what is a dandy ?" why,  
A new found genus, ranking high  
In fashion's Entomology ;  
Said to be solely male, -but nat-  
Uralists profess their doubts of that ;  
Yet no account of female tender,  
But class the insect neuter gender.

O Britain, when our sires of old  
Forc'd Magna Charta from King John,  
Did they wear stays ? " the barons bold ;"  
Or perfum'd gloves and paint put on ?  
Their stays were iron, and their gloves were steel,  
Their paint the glow the generous fires reveal ;  
From them our freedom and our fame arose,  
Themselves ne'er lacing who still lac'd our foes.'

We have room for only one extract more,—it is directed against coquetry :—

' If your eyes are attractive, and mine they arrest,  
No censure is yours, but shall censure be mine ?  
If, a moment, soft flutterings ruffle my breast,  
Shall a weak indiscretion be construed design ?  
On your cheeks and your lips, if all gaze with delight,  
And mine eyes, wand'ring there, soft expression reveal ;  
No blame can be your's, that you're blooming and bright,  
But shall I be condemned because fated to feel ?

That you're bright and you're blooming, I see and admire ;  
That I am susceptible, you see, and you smile ;  
But shall fancy's warm glow be accounted love's fire ?  
And shall you boast a triumph you gain'd but by guile ?  
I gaz'd ; it was thoughtless—no hope could be mine—  
One sedate look of modest reproof had been kind ;  
Had made me the scarcely-form'd feeling resign,  
And my homage transfer from your face to your mind.

Your eyes oft met mine, but they look'd no reproof ;  
Their beams, trifling fair, were e'en softer than mild ;  
Some charm—what, I know not—kept reason aloof ;  
'Twas an indirect feeling, nor tranquil, nor wild ;  
I was caught for the moment ; you triumph'd your time—  
I censure not—let your own reason declare  
If feeling entrapp'd is condemned as a crime,  
How shall honour decide on the wish to ensnare ?

I was caught for the moment, you triumph'd too soon ;  
A little more art had confirm'd your decree ;  
I was caught, and I flutter'd—when—thanks for the boon !  
You smil'd with derision,—I sprung and was free ;  
I'm free ! and your triumph now vainly pursue ;  
My fancy, not feeling, was caught—I respire—  
Now your beams lose their splendour, your roses their hue,  
And I pity what, weakly, I thought to admire.'

Freely as we have drawn from this entertaining volume, we can assure our readers, that it remains far from being exhausted, and we recommend it with pleasure, as possessing charms no ordinary description, and of such variety as must suit all palates.

*A Classical Tour, &c.* By E. Dodwell, Esq.  
(Continued.)

ANOTHER week's acquaintance with Mr. Dodwell's book has considerably enhanced its value in our estimation, and the further we proceed, the more we feel interested in the



subjects on which it treats. Although strangers in Turkish towns are exposed to occasional acts of brutality and insolence, yet they are almost certain of obtaining redress from the commandants, who consider foreigners as under their immediate protection,—an instance of this occurred while Mr. Dodwell was at Thebes; when examining the few antiquities which this city contains, they were attacked with stones by a band of Turkish boys, headed by a young man splendidly dressed. Mr. Dodwell immediately complained to the voivode, and although the offender was the son of an agha of some distinction, he was arrested and severely flogged.

The entrance of our travellers into Athens was for some time opposed by the guards, on the report of the plague being at Thebes, which they had last quitted, but the interference of the English agent obtained them admittance. The erotic correspondence, described in such glowing colours by Lady Wortley Montague, and since by M. Hammer, is still carried on at Athens.

‘Many of the Greek and Turkish females in the inferior and middle classes, and some even in the higher ranks, are brought up without any species of intellectual cultivation.—As they are too ignorant to write, and love is fertile in expedients, those who are under the influence of that passion, carry on their correspondence by hieroglyphics, composed of fruits and flowers. Each flower and each fruit has some particular associated signification, and they form a combination of words and sentences, according to their relative positions in the little baskets in which they are conveyed to those for whom they are designed.’

The choragic monument of Lysikrates, so fully described by Stuart, was minutely examined by Mr. Dodwell, who says that Stuart is not perfectly correct in calling the columns Corinthian, as they exhibit some deviation from that order. Stuart’s delineations of the figures are also far from being accurate, and the heads of the fish, as they have been drawn by him, are quite different from the original; for that artist mistaking a fin for the lower jaw, has represented them with their mouths open, though they are actually closed. This splendid monument, which was built three hundred and thirty years before Christ, is constructed with so much judgment and solidity, that it may survive two thousand years more, if not barbarously mutilated to gratify the tasteless cupidity of some wealthy traveller. Athens, though so often described by preceding tourists, presents some novelty from the pen of Mr. Dodwell, who is a great enemy to those antiquaries, who have despoiled Athens of its remains, to enrich the museums of London. In the monument of Thrasyllus, there is a marble statue of Bacchus, clothed in female attire, and a cave, which seems to have been originally formed by nature, and enlarged by art; it penetrates about thirty-four feet under the rock, and its general breadth is twenty feet. Of the Parthenon, the despoliation of which Mr. Dodwell severely condemns, he thus speaks:—

‘This magnificent edifice, at first sight, rather disappointed my expectations, and appeared less than fame. The eye, however, soon becomes filled with the magnitude of its dimensions, the beauty of its materials, the exquisite perfection of its symmetry, and the harmonious analogy of its proportions. It is the most unrivalled triumph of sculpture and architecture that the world ever saw. The delight which it inspires on a superficial view, is heightened in proportion as it is attentively surveyed. If we admire the whole of the glorious fabric, that admiration will be augmented by a minute examination of all the ramified details. Every part has been finished

with such exquisite purity, that not the smallest instance of negligence can be discovered in the execution of those particulars, which are the least exposed to observation. The most concealed minutiae of the structure have been perfected with a sort of pious scrupulosity.’

Mr. Dodwell is of opinion, that all the Athenian sculptors, particularly the scholars of Phidias, were employed in this grand national work. The work of devastation, begun by the Christians, was humbly imitated by the Turks, and a large block of the epistylia of the Erechtheion was thrown down by order of the Disdar, and placed over one of the doors of the fortress. Mr. Dodwell remonstrated against their proceeding to the Disdar, who pointed to the Parthenon, to the Caryatid portico, and to the Erechtheion, and answered with a singularly enraged tone of voice ‘What right have you to complain? Where are now the marbles which were taken by your countrymen from the temples?’

The temple of Theseus having been converted into a Christian church, still preserves its sculpture, and Mr. Dodwell has given some beautiful engravings of fragments, found in this elegant building, which is supposed to have furnished the model of the Parthenon, which resembles it in the most essential points.

‘At Easter, the Athenians celebrate a festival and a dance near the temple of Theseus; some thousands of people fill the plain which is between the temple and the Areopagos; Turks, Greeks, Albanians, and Blacks, were collected in one busy mass, and formed a gay and singular mixture of variegated costumes, the brilliant colours of which waved like a field of anemones agitated by the wind.’

Homer’s description of the dance, made by Vulcan, on the shield of Achilles, is a perfect representation of that performed at the Theseion. The octagonal tower of the eight winds, which was the water-clock, the chronometer, and the weather-guide of Athens, and which has been so well described by Stuart, is at present a *Semá-Khané*, or chapel for the dance called *Semá*, which is performed in it every Friday, by an order of dancing derwishes, called *Mulevi*, from the name of their institutor.

‘The sacred performance is opened by the derwishes\*, and as many Turks of all ranks and ages as choose to be of the party; they sit down upon the floor in a circle, and begin by singing the praises of God and Mohamed, in a slow and solemn manner, repeating very frequently “*Ullah hoo Ullah!*” at the same time moving their heads and bodies backwards and forwards, thus keeping time with their song. The only instrumental accompaniment consisted of two small drums, or hemispheres of bronze, the mouth covered with a skin. The song and the motion of the dancers, by degrees, become more animated; on a sudden, the company all start up, and sing and dance in a circle, with great violence and velocity! When they are tired, they make way for the two principal performers, who, holding each other by the sash, which is tied about the waist, turn round with an incredible rapidity, far exceeding any thing I could have supposed the human frame capable of, and which would greatly surprise our most active dancers or posture makers.’

‘The sheikh, or chief of derwishes, dressed in the sacred colour, green, with a large white turban, animates them by his voice; and, by the beating of a large tambour, which instrument was also used in ancient festivals, principally in the bacchanalia, and was called, *τυμπανον ορι τυπανον*.

‘The derwishes continue turning, screaming, and groaning, for a considerable length of time, moving their heads violently backwards and forwards, with their long hair float-

\* ‘The derwishes, or fakirs, as the Arabians call them, profess poverty, and answer nearly to the capuchins of Catholic countries.’



ing in the wind. They at length sink, as if exhausted with fatigue and overcome with giddiness, into the arms of the bystanders, when, for a few minutes, they are apparently deprived of their reason, and filled with the *ecstasy*, or divine enthusiasm. I have been assured, however, that the force of habit is so great, that this apparent dereliction of the senses is assumed, and not real, which I can easily believe, from a dance of a similar kind which I afterwards saw performed at Rome, by a woman in a show-shop, who turned round with such great velocity for ten minutes together, that the human form was imperceptible to the eye, and appeared like a column turning upon its axis.

"So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost,  
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost."

'The faintings and groanings of the derwishes may, therefore, be fairly considered as mere religious jugglings. Tavernier observes, that there are derwishes who turn in this manner for two hours together without stopping, and that their vanity is gratified in the exercise of an occupation to which we should give the name of folly.

'This curious ceremony bears a strong resemblance to the festivals of the Corybantes, who, in honour of Cybele, danced to the sound of their cymbals till they became delirious: of which dance the description furnished by Apuleius and Strabo is applicable to that practised by the derwishes.'

The site of many of the celebrated edifices of antiquity at Athens cannot now be even conjectured with any degree of confidence, and about forty of the temples and public buildings mentioned by Pausanias, have so totally disappeared as not to have left a trace behind, by which it is possible to identify their situations. The modern walls of Athens embrace a circuit of nearly three miles; they are about ten feet in height, and not two in thickness. They were built about the year 1780, in seventy-five days, as a defence against the pirates and hordes of Arnauts, who sometimes entered the town at night, and threatened to pillage it. The walls are furnished with seven gates, one of which, the Arch of Hadrian, is ancient, but was formerly within the town, and was not used as a gate: it possesses little architectural merit, and furnishes indisputable evidence of the vitiated taste of the Romans, to whom may be imputed the corruption of the chaster rules of Grecian symmetry.

The magic ceremonies of the Greeks are very numerous, and these are often performed in the sepulchral caverns; in one which our author entered, he found a small feast, consisting of a cup of honey and white almonds, a cake on a little napkin, and a vase of aromatic herbs burning, and exhaling an agreeable perfume; these had been deposited by two women, as offerings made to the destinies, in order to render them propitious to their conjugal speculations:—

'Almost every cavern about Athens has its particular virtues; some are celebrated for providing its fair votaries with husbands, after a few sacrifices; others are resorted to by women when advanced in pregnancy, who pray for prosperous parturition and male children! while others are supposed to be instrumental in accomplishing the dire purposes of hatred and revenge. But those evil spirits whose assistance is invoked for vengeance and blood, are not regaled upon cakes and honey, but upon a piece of a priest's cap, or a rag from his garment, which are considered as the most favourable ingredients for the perpetration of malice and revenge.

'Magic is performed for good or evil purposes, according to circumstances.

'One of the most malignant incantations, and which is supposed to be followed by dreadful results, is effected by se-

cretly placing, at night time, before the door of the hated person, a log of wood, burnt at one end, with some hairs twisted round it. This curse was placed with due solemnity at the door of the English agent, Speridion Logotheti, while I was at Athens; but he rendered it of no avail, by summoning a great number of priests to his house, who easily destroyed the spell by benedictions, frankincense, and holy water.'

'A common curse against women, is to wish they may bring forth female children. This imprecation is supposed to be accomplished by placing near the door of the devoted object, an indefinite number of paras, with a hole in each. I was assured by an old woman, that her daughter had had five female children following, owing to as many perforated paras having been placed before her door by some vindictive dealer in witchcraft. This, however, is not altogether incredible, as the power of the imagination may be supposed to be particularly operative upon pregnant women, especially when aided by superstition.

'Women in Greece, as well as in Italy, sometimes endeavour to gain the heart of the man on whom they have fixed their affections, by secretly administering magic potions. This custom appears to be of very ancient date. The *philtre* and the *pharmaca*, that were employed for this purpose, are particularly mentioned by Theocritus, Virgil, Ovid, Juvenal, and others.'

It is remarkable, that some of the most magnificent Athenian structures have as completely vanished as if they had never existed; the Pantheon, which was composed of one hundred and twenty columns of Phrygian marble; the Gymnasium of Hadrian, adorned with one hundred columns of Libyan marble, and the temple of Juno and of Jupiter Panhellenios; the Metroon, the Bouleuterion, the temple of the Dioscuri, the Leokorion, the Pythion, and various other temples and edifices, have all mouldered into dust.

We would gladly follow our author through his highly interesting account of the sepulchres at Athens; but as the subject is too extensive, we shall content ourselves with an account of the modern burials:—

'The women of Greece, and particularly of Athens, are still carried to the tomb with rich garments, which, however, are not buried with them. When the daughter of Speridion Logotheti died, she was interred with the funeral pomp of ancient times. Her corpse was decorated with the richest attire, with her ear-rings and other ornaments, as if she had been decked out for a wedding, rather than for the tomb. She was placed upon a *cataletto*, or open bier, with her face uncovered; and was accompanied to the grave by women, who, on such occasions, are hired to cry and scream, which office they do not fail to perform with theatrical vehemence, like the *aiolai*, or the *εραρχοι θρηνην* of ancient Greece, and the *præficia* of Rome. They invoke the corpse by every soft and endearing name; and a stranger to the custom would imagine, that they were really bewailing the loss of some near and beloved relation; though it frequently happens that they never knew nor even saw the individual when living; the usual rhapsody of these 'fictarum lachrymarum simulacra' is, "Alas! when I saw you last, so handsome, so lively, and so gay, little did I expect to have the misfortune to outlive you, and to see you in your present situation."

The ancient hospitality, which the Greeks considered so sacred and inviolable, is still partially preserved; travelling would, indeed, be impracticable in Greece were it not facilitated by this noble sentiment:—

'This reciprocal hospitality became hereditary in families; and the friendship which was thus contracted, was not less binding than the ties of affinity or of blood. Those between whom a regard had been cemented by the intercourse of hospitality, were provided with some particular mark, which

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being handed down from father to son, established a friendship and alliance between the families for several generations. This mark was the *συμβολὸν ξενικόν* of the Greeks, and the *tessera hospitalis* of the Latins. The *συμβολὸν* was sometimes an astragal\*, probably of lead, which being cut in halves, one half was kept by the host, and the other by the person whom he had entertained. On future occasions, they or their descendants, by whom the symbol was recognized, gave or received hospitality on comparing the two tallies. I found some half astragals of lead in Greece which had probably served for this purpose.

\* The Romans cut a *tessera* in two, as signs of hospitality.

Plautus, in his play of *Pænulus*, notices this custom, and represents Hanno, the Carthaginian, as retaining a symbol of hospitality reciprocally with Antidamas, of Cadydon; but Antidamas being dead, his son, Agorastocles, acknowledges the symbol as a pledge of their mutual hospitality.

(To be continued.)

*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk.* Second Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1047. Edinburgh, 1819.

(Concluded from our last.)

THE 'Edinburgh Booksellers' form the subject of several letters. Till within these twenty years, the author supposes there was no such thing, in Edinburgh, as the great trade of publishing; and he dates the first manifestation of the new state of things, from no less an occurrence than the appearance of the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. In this Dr. Peter Morris is, however, we will make bold to say, greatly misinformed; it is the remark, apparently, of a young man, who has grown into years along with the distinguished work in question, and who has been accustomed to make it, like some of the young whigs he affects to jeer at, too much the test book of his literary notions. Long before the *Edinburgh Review* appeared, the Edinburgh press had produced two of the largest and most national works of which Britain can boast for half a century past,—the '*Encyclopædia Britannica*,' and the '*Statistical Description of Scotland*.' The Review has indeed given a certain impetus—more cannot be said—to the book trade of Edinburgh, and, considering the only way in which it could so operate, nothing less to its praise can well be imagined. It is, we are well satisfied, but too true, that many authors have been of late years induced to resort to the Edinburgh press, from no other motive than a hope of getting favour in the sight of its literary Aristarchs; of coming in for a little of the benefit of that *partiality* for every thing within their own immediate circle, which has so happily illustrated the aptness of the device on their shield, *Judex damnatur cum nocens absoluitur*. Nor let any one suppose that authors have reckoned unshrewdly in thus preferring the press of Edinburgh to that of London,—a Constable even to a Murray, when, out of fifty illustrative examples which might be brought to mind of the influence of the great man of the 'Mount of Proclamation,' in getting his own publications puffed off in his own review, it is recollected that he once actually prevailed on Mr. Jeffrey to prostitute his wit and his work together, to an elaborate review, (by the side of another on the system of the world,) of a book on pies and apple dumplings.

Peter ascribes to another work, '*Blackwood's Maga-*

\* The astragal was a bone of the vertebra of the hinder part of cloven-footed animals. Plin. Nat. Hist.

zine,' nearly as much importance as he does to the *Edinburgh Review*, and we are convinced with quite as little reason. 'The history of this magazine,' he says, 'is very singular in itself;' (Qy. What would it be out of itself?) and he thinks 'it must long continue to form an important epoch in the literary history of Scotland,—above all of Edinburgh!' It appeared just in the nick of time when the *Edinburgh Review* was (supposed to be) on the wane; its great object was 'to break up the monopoly of influence which had so long been possessed by a set of persons guilty of perverting, in so many ways, talents on all hands acknowledged to be great;' it was, in short, to be every thing which the *Edinburgh Review* was not—loyal—religious—philosophical—impartial. That it has proved all this Peter does not venture to affirm; nay, he finds so many faults with it himself, though all in a very friendly way, that we need do no more than quote his own words to shew the real stuff of which his 'important epoch' is made up. It has, he tells us, been 'stained in plain language,' with 'the sins of many wanton and malicious personal satires;' in the case of the late much lamented Professor Playfair, it was guilty of 'a cruel interference with the private history of a most unassuming and modest man of genius;' it made an attack very pitiable, without 'an apology' or 'motive,' on Mr. Coleridge; its faults—the worst of them have been 'wanton and useless departures from the set of principles, and outrages upon the set of feelings, which it has all along *professed* to hold sacred;' in fine, 'I look on the book,' saith Peter, 'as a sad far-rago!'

The Doctor paid a visit to the celebrated Walter Scott, at his romantic villa on the banks of the Tweed; his sketch of this great poet is very finely drawn, it is such as none but a kindred spirit could have inspired;—

'The common language of his features expresses all manner of discernment and acuteness of intellect, and the utmost nerve and decision of character. He smiles frequently, and I never saw any smile which tells so eloquently the union of broad good humour, with the keenest perception of the ridiculous—but all this would scarcely be enough to satisfy one in the physiognomy of W—S—. And, indeed, in order to see much finer things in it, it is only necessary to have a little patience,

—“And tarry for the hour,  
When the wizard shews his power;  
The hour of might and mastery,  
Which none may shew but only he.”

'In the course of conversation, he happened to quote a few lines from one of the old Border Ballads, and, looking round, I was quite astonished with the change which seemed to have passed over every feature in his countenance. His eyes seemed no longer to glance quick and grey from beneath his impending brows, but were fixed in their expanded eye-lids with a sober solemn lustre. His mouth, (the muscles about which are at all times wonderfully expressive,) instead of its usual language of mirth or benevolence or shrewdness, was filled with a sad and pensive earnestness. The whole face was tinged with a glow that shewed its lines in new energy and transparency, and the thin hair parting backward displayed in tenfold majesty his Shakesperian pile of forehead.

It was now that I recognized the true stamp of nature on the poet of *Marmion*—and looking back for a moment to the former expression of the same countenance, I could not choose but wonder at the facility with which one set of features could be made to speak things so different. But, after all, what are features unless they form the index to the mind? and how should the eyes of him who commands a thousand kinds of emotion, be themselves confined to beam only with the eloquence of a few?—



"It was about the Lammas tide,  
When husbandmen do win their hay;  
The doughty Douglas he would ride  
Into England to drive a prey."

I shall certainly never forget the fine heroic enthusiasm of look, with which he spoke these lines—nor the grand melancholy roll of voice, which shewed with what a world of thoughts and feelings every fragment of the old legend was associated within his breast. It seemed as if one single cadence of the ancestral strain had been charm enough to transport his whole spirit back into the very pride and presence of the moment, when the White Lion of the Percies was stained and trampled under foot beside the bloody rushes of Otterbourne. The more than martial fervours of his kindled eye, were almost enough to give to the same lines the same magic in my ears; and I could half fancy that the portion of Scottish blood which is mingled in my veins, had begun to assert, by a more ardent throb, its right to partake in the triumphs of the same primitive allegiance.

His conversation is for the most part of such a kind, that all can take a lively part in it, although, indeed, none that I ever met with can equal himself. It does not appear as if he ever could be at a loss for a single moment for some new supply of that which constitutes its chief peculiarity, and its chief charm: the most keen perception, the most tenacious memory, and the most brilliant imagination, having been at work throughout the whole of his busy life, in filling his mind with a store of individual traits and anecdotes, serious and comic, individual and national, such as it is probable no man ever before possessed—and such, still more certainly, as no man of great original power ever before possessed in subservience to the purposes of inventive genius. A youth spent in wandering among the hills and valleys of his country, during which he became intensely familiar with all the lore of those grey-haired shepherds, among whom the traditions of warlike as well as of peaceful times find their securest dwelling-place—or in more equal converse with the relics of that old school of Scottish cavaliers, whose faith had nerved the arms of so many of his own race and kindred—such a boyhood and such a youth laid the foundation, and established the earliest and most lasting sympathies of a mind which was destined, in after years, to erect upon this foundation, and improve upon these sympathies, in a way of which his young and thirsting spirit could have then contemplated but little. Through his manhood of active and honoured, and now for many years of glorious exertion, he has always lived in the world, and among the men of the world, partaking in all the pleasures and duties of society as fully as any of those who had nothing but such pleasures and such duties to attend to. Uniting, as never before they were united, the habits of an indefatigable student with those of an indefatigable observer—and doing all this with the easy and careless grace of one who is doing so, not to task, but to gratify his inclinations and his nature—is it to be wondered that the riches of his various acquisitions should furnish a never-failing source of admiration, even to those who have known him longest, and who know him best? As for me, enthusiastic as I had always been in my worship of his genius—and well as his works had prepared me to find his conversation rich to overflowing in all the elements of instruction as well as of amusement—I confess the reality entirely surpassed all my anticipations, and I never despised the maxim *Nil admirari* so heartily as now.

Mr. Scott and his guest took a ride to Dryburgh Abbey, which belongs to the Earl of Buchan, and near which his lordship has a seat, where he usually resides. Peter's taste for the ludicrous has here an ample field for display; and on no occasion has he exerted it with more unmerciful felicity, than in the following description of the many curious things they encountered in this visit to the abode of 'the vainest old man of the north:—

'Dryburgh Abbey,' says Peter, 'stands on a peninsula,

the river making a circuit almost quite round its precincts, and behind its towers, the whole slope of the hills is covered with oaks, pines, and elms, that shed a solemn gloom upon the ruin—quite different from the soft, undisturbed, unshaded loveliness of Melrose. We passed the river by means of a bridge of chain-work, very elegant in itself, I dare say, but not quite in taste so near such a scene at Dryburgh.—The bridge is one of the many devices of the Earl of B——, who is proprietor of the ground, and indeed has his seat close to the abbey-walls. A huge colossal statue of Sir William Wallace, executed in staring red free stone, is another of his devices. This monument of the Earl's patriotism is perched very magnificently on the brink of a rock above the river, and must undoubtedly appear a very grand and appropriate thing in the eyes of Cockney visitants; but my admiration, small as it originally was, suffered much further diminution, when I was informed that the base of the statue is made to serve as a pot-house, where a rhyming cobbler, one of the noble lord's many protégées, vends odes, elegies, and whisky, for his own behoof, and the few remaining copies of that charming collection, "the Anonymous and Fugitive Pieces of the Right Honourable the Earl of Buchan," for behoof of his patron.

'The ruins are in themselves very superb—although not to be compared in any respect with those I had just been seeing, (those of Melrose;) and the earl is virtuoso enough to keep them in the main in excellent order. But I confess, the way in which he has ornamented certain parts of them, was enough to weaken not a little the serious impression which the general view of the whole produced upon my mind. In the midst of one of the desolate courts of the abbey, he has constructed a spruce little flower-garden, with trim gravel walks and box-wood edgings;—a few jargonelle pear-trees display their well-clipped branches, nailed in regular lines upon the mouldering walls around, and in the midst of them a tall sign-post lifts its head, and (whether it lies or not I cannot say,) proclaims to all whom it may concern, the presence of a less inviting crop—"Man-traps and spring-guns set in these premises." A large bust is placed at one extremity of this cultivated spot, which, at first, I took it for granted, must be Faunus, or Pomona, or Priapus at the least; but, on drawing near, I recognized at once the fine features of the noble proprietor himself, hewn by some village Phidias, with a measure of resemblance alike honourable to the charms of the subject, and the skill of the artist. A long inscription around the pedestal of the bust, informs us, in plain Latin, (but I have forgot the precise words,) that "*The great Author of our being sends now and then bright spirits among mankind, to vindicate his own power, and the dignity of our nature from the scoffs of the impious.*" I wish I had taken a memorandum of the *ipsissima verba*. After wandering through all the labyrinth of towers and courts, the attendant conducted us into an immense vault, which has been set apart in the true Dilettanti taste, for the reception of plaster of Paris casts of some others of these *bright spirits*. The sober religious light of the place did not at first enable me to recognize what busts they were, but a sudden gleam of sunshine, which occurred very fortunately, soon discovered to me another edition of the same features which I had just been admiring *sub dio*. Lord B—— occupies the central niche in this

— "temple, where the great  
Are honoured by the nations."

On his righthand he has Homer, and on his left Mr. Watt, of Birmingham, the inventor of the steam engine. Mæonides, again, is supported by General Washington, and Mr. Watt by Sir Philip Sidney. Shakespeare—Count Rumford—Dr. Matthew Baillie—Charles James Fox—Socrates—Cicero—and Provost Creech of Edinburgh—follow on the left; while on the right, the *series Heroum* is continued with equal propriety by the Author of the Seasons—Lord Nelson—Julius Cæsar—Benjamin Franklin—Mozart—John Knox—Michael Angelo—Aristotle—and a rueful caricature of the Ettrick Shepherd, bearing abundant marks of the agony with which that excel-



lent but unsophisticated person must, no doubt, have submitted to the clammy application of the Savoyard cast-maker.

There are some dozens more of worthies, dead and living, who partake in the same honours; and altogether, the effect of the chalky congregation is as impressive a thing as need be.

On his return to Edinburgh, Peter had an opportunity of witnessing that grand annual convocation of the kirk of Scotland, called the General Assembly. He appears to less advantage on this subject, than on almost any other which he has touched. In many particulars he shews himself erroneously informed; in most very imperfectly. He seems to have got but little insight into the real spirit of this remarkable institution, no sound comprehension of its truly national importance and usefulness—no knowledge at all, of either the dominant principles or parties by which it is controled. The assembly is, with him, but 'a kind of annual wappenshaw; the poppinjays at which they shoot, are trifles light as air;' and their only instruments are a few harmless *πικρα πτεροεντα*. The leader of the whig party, he tells us, is the Reverend Sir Henry Moncrieff, the representative of one of the oldest families in the kingdom; 'Nobody,' he adds, 'can look upon the baronet without perceiving that nature meant him to be a ruler, not a subject; and if I may judge from the specimens I have seen, he is in truth a very *admirable* master in the great art of rule. He seems indeed, to have a *prodigious* tact in the management of his tumultuous array; and the best proof of it is, that those whom he leads, do not seem to have the least suspicion of the extent of their subjection.' All this, which as the reader may perceive, is promulgated with due seriousness, by Peter, must be pleasant enough to those who do know any thing of the worthy baronet. The leader of the whigs he certainly is, if such a term can be applied to the merely biggest man, among as undisciplined a herd as ever aggregated together, but to talk of the *admirable mastership* in the art of rule, or the *prodigious tact* in management of Sir Henry Moncrieff, is just as apt as it would be to laud the discretion of a Marplot, or the cool temper of a Sir Anthony Absolute. The chief of the opposite or Tory party, we are next told, is Dr. Inglis, 'an ungainly figure of a man at first sight,' 'but who has the marks both of good breeding and strong intellect.' Peter has here committed a strange blunder, and we beg to refer him to the Reverend Principal of the College of St. Andrews, to get rectified—to whom by the way, he may, in his next edition, transfer with great propriety all that he has said, erroneously, of Sir Henry Moncrieff, for if there ever was an able leader of a party—one who combined in perfection, the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, it is Principal Hill, the real leader of the Tory party in the Scottish church.

But it is now time we should draw our notice of Dr. Peter Morris, of Pensharpehall, and his peregrinations, to a close. That we have, on the whole, been highly gratified by the literary fare he has set before us, the length to which we have been tempted to extend this notice, bears sufficient evidence.—Certes, Peter is a writer of genius—of much shrewdness, of great humour—of a fine imagination, and, by a proper cultivation of these felicities, may become, ere long, a shining star in the literature of his country. We say, *ere long*—for neither the device of giving a caricatured portrait of old Parr, as a genuine likeness of Dr. Peter Morris, of Pensharpehall—nor all the gouty fits and twinges with which the said Peter has

thought proper to afflict himself, while sojourning in Scotland—have been able to conceal from us, that the author must in truth be a young—in all probability, a *very* young man. There is nothing at all of age either in his modes of thinking, or in the cast of his observations; nothing which savours in the least of experience long past, or of ideas long matured. All about him is fresh and buoyant; the inspiration of 'gay hope and young desire.' Every working of his mind shews that it has been formed under the influence of certain systems and amidst certain circumstances, which are characteristic of the present generation exclusively. His allusions, his illustrations, his facts, are all of the day in which we live. When he reasons, it is with the diffuseness of a debater newly from the school; when he portrays, it is with the chissel and hammer of a Spurzheim; when he sentimentalizes, it is after the fashion of the dreamy school of the Germans. He is, moreover and above all, utterly void of anecdote; he has not, in the whole course of the three entertaining volumes, with which he has furnished us, a single good saying of any of the great or eccentric men, whom he has encountered, worth repeating. This could never have been the fault of an old man, who had mixed much in the society he describes—especially of an old man, possessed of such acuteness of observation and love of the ridiculous, as the person ycleped Dr. Peter Morris, shews himself to be. No—it is the obvious imperfection of a young man, new to active life, a shrewd guesser, but no remembrancer.

We feel not only thus well assured of the adolescence of our friend Peter; but we think, we could even venture so far as to lay our finger on the youth. If we are right in our suspicions, he may be known by the following marks:

'His features are regular, and quite definite in their outlines; his forehead is well advanced, and largest, I think, in the region of observation and perception; but the general expression is rather pensive than otherwise. Although an Oxonian, and early imbued with an admiration for the works of the Stagyrte, he seems rather to incline, in philosophy, to the high Platonic side of the question, and to lay a great deal of stress on the investigation and cultivation of the impersonal sentiments of the human mind—ideas which his acquaintance with German literature and philosophy has probably much contributed to strengthen. Under the influence of that mode of thinking, a turn for pleasantry rather inclines to exercise itself in a light and good-humoured play of fancy, upon the incongruities and absurd relations, which are so continually presenting themselves in the external aspect of the world, than to gratify a sardonic bitterness in exulting over them, or to nourish a sour and atrabilious spirit in regarding them with a cheri-hed and pampered feeling of delighted disapprobation, like that of Swift. But Mr. L— is a very young person, and I would hope may soon find that there are much better things in literature than satire, let it be as good-humoured as you will. Indeed, W— tells me he already professes himself heartily sick of it, and has begun to write, of late, in a quite opposite key.'—Vol. iii, p. 136, 137.

We must crave leave, before parting, to offer a few words of advice to Mr. L— alias Dr. Peter Morris, of Pensharpehall. In the first place, we advise him to bestow a little more care on his style of composition; he writes in a careless, often in a slovenly manner, and abounds in redundancies and inelegancies. Secondly, we advise him to avoid *prosing*, in which he often transgresses to a most wearisome extent; almost one third of his present letters might, we are certain, be suppressed, without the least subtraction of pleasure to the reader. And lastly, we advise him to give



over the vile trick he has got, of *caricaturing*, for any other name it is impossible to give to the scratches of heads with which he has been pleased to interleave his volumes. Of thirteen attempts at portraits, with which he has favoured us, the only one which has any resemblance to the original, happens to be a copy from an old plate, of a man, whom Peter never saw, the late Justice Clerk Macqueen. Those of Mr. Jeffrey and the Ettrick shepherd are especially hideous; the one seems a study from some worn out barber's block, the other an indifferent copy of the yawning man so common in our printshops.

### Original Correspondence.

#### ON THE DISAPPEARANCE OF SEVERAL PERSONS WHO WENT TO WEST-END FAIR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—The papers of the week before last, were filled with the enormities practised upon the visitors of West End Fair; and, although some of these relations are, no doubt, to be regarded but as the exaggerations of a religious party, who are determined that the main body of the people shall have no rational amusements, but be reduced to the dilemma of either squatting over their beer in the tap-room or parlour of a public-house, until their reason falls a sacrifice to the noxious and intoxicating drugs used by brewers; or of listening to the stupid ravings, in the pulpit, of some ignorant self-delegated instructor, who profanely assumes the title of a gospel minister; yet enough has come out in the various reports, from the different police offices of the metropolis, to shew that the dissolute part of the population in London have increased in daringness, and have acquired a certain organization, derived no doubt from the superior education they now enjoy, by the efforts of some well-meaning persons, which has shewn them the use of union and association.

In reading of these atrocities, a remarkable fact is presented to our attention, but which does not seem to have been taken up with the care that it merits. This fact is, that of the *disappearance* of several persons who had gone to the fair, whose companions have been separated from them; and of another, whose pocket-book had been found in the possession of well-known dissolute characters. This circumstance of their disappearance is the more alarming, because, there is reason to suppose, that the disappearances thus noticed, are probably not the only ones, and that other persons in a lower rank of life, or known to be in distress, and who are supposed by their relations, friends, or neighbours, to have absconded, may, in fact, have disappeared in a similar manner, as also children who are supposed to have been stolen.

The whole of the neighbourhood of West End, the scene of disorder, and of the road from thence to London being grass land, and not long since mowed, the corpse, if the parties were murdered and left on the spot, would have been found immediately. It is, therefore, highly probable, that the gangs of these villains found some mode of carrying off the mortal remains of their victims, and of subsequently concealing them. Now as it is well known that a considerable gang of grave-robbers, or as they are quaintly termed, resurrection-men, exists in London, with whom dead bodies are an article of traffic, it scarcely need be said, that these dealers in human car-

casses are dissolute characters, one of the principal of them having been, not long since, transported for a robbery of another kind; and also, that in consequence of the increased vigilance of the police officers, the dissecting rooms of the metropolis have found it difficult to acquire a sufficiency of *subjects*, as they term the dead bodies, to be subjected to the knives of their pupils; so that the price of these subjects have greatly increased of late. There is, of course, some reason to fear, from these disappearances, that a facility is thus afforded to get rid of murdered bodies, by certain gangs of villains, with whom the resurrection-men are connected, while the scalpel of the dissector soon obliterates any traces of identity, and the mysterious silence of the dissecting-room, closes for ever the curtain of oblivion over the unfortunate sufferer. Horrible thought! the very conception of which freezes the imagination; and yet there is, from these disappearances, but too much reason to apprehend that it is true.

The legislature of the country has thought fit to subject the pawnbrokers and old iron-shops, which are the usual channels by which stolen goods are converted, by thieves, into money, to the inspection of the magistrates. It has extended its paternal care even to horses, and decreed that the slaughtering of these animals can only be performed in licensed places, on one day of the week, in the presence of an accredited agent of the government, who enters their description in his register. And, still more to the purpose, it has also thought proper that the coroner should investigate the cause of death of every person found dead, or known to have died by violent means, or in prison. May we not therefore say,

If Pæan's sons these horrid rites require,  
If health's fair science be by these refined;—*Shenstone.*

at least these dissecting rooms ought to be placed under the superintendence of the magistracy. A mode of procedure, which is now most imperiously demanded, since the horrible fact of these disappearances give occasion to a just suspicion, that the resurrection-men, finding it difficult to get bodies from the graves, have adopted the shorter process of dispatching wanderers by night, or stragglers in bye places, for the purpose of selling their carcasses. A Russian surgeon informed me, that when the professors there are in want of a subject for dissection, upon applying to the police officers, they were supplied the next morning with one, said to have been found murdered or drowned; but, as these accidents always happened when subjects were wanted, so there was reason to suppose, that the police officers made the corpse they pretended to find. Nor can this be said to be an improbable supposition. Have we not lately seen English police officers engaged in conspiracies to convict innocent persons, or seduce young men into the commission of crimes, for the sake of obtaining rewards upon their being condemned to death. The price of subjects for dissection, upon the continent, is very small: the university of Vienna supplies their students with subjects, at about 3s. 6d. each, but here, in London, the teachers now charge their pupils six guineas for each, and the corpse of those who suffer a violent death, are esteemed peculiarly valuable.

In the present rage for medical legislation, when every medical journal teems with schemes for creating monopolies of the different branches of the profession, it is but right some attention should be paid to the interest of the



world at large, and that those who, by these regulations, are to lie at the mercy of one or two greedy monopolizers, should be satisfied of the conduct of the members of these monopolies. In this respect, the Apothecaries' Act has been of service, in opening the eyes of the world to the designs of some members of the profession, and by dividing the medical world into two parties, the liberal and the illiberal, so that, according to the vulgar proverb, 'when thieves fall out about the division of their plunder, honest men come by their own.' It has happened, however, that the arch-empiric in medical legislation, Dr. — — B——, whose fertile brains teem with as many projects as those of the wildest maniac that is confined in the mad-house, at Chelsea, thinks only of what will eventually contribute to his own profit;—of making young apothecaries pay heavy fines for a licence to settle in business, under pretence of him and his friends examining them;—of officiously intermeddling with the conduct of those persons, who devote their whole attention to a single insane patient, that those persons may be obliged, from these vexations, to relinquish their charge, and the unhappy maniac forced to be sent to his or some other common receptacle for them;—of him and his friends, the illiberal party, being appointed parish medical coroners, and, under pretence of improving the bills of mortality, of procuring the sole monopoly of medical practice in their respective parishes; thus converting the present free competition between practitioners, all anxious to benefit their patients, and all looking forward for success in life, according to their success in practice, into the tame *secundum artem* practice of plantation doctors, army or navy surgeons, whose success in life depends, not on their medical skill, but on their interest, or intrigues in the office or corporation which has the patronage of the service, and who do, in most instances, think they have done their duty, if it cannot be proved that they have murdered, or positively neglected the unfortunate beings under their care.

This quondam apothecary then, not having yet conceived any mode of deriving a revenue to himself and friends, from dissection rooms, and, of course, omitted to propose any regulation of them; let me propose the following, as apparently being imperiously called for, from these horrible facts which have recently come to light, viz. Every dissecting room to be registered with the clerk of the peace of the county, the fee for enregistration to be only one shilling, and a written notice left with three of the neighbouring magistrates. The rooms to be next the street, and with a door into it, not in the back yards of houses. Any justice of peace, or constable, to have free access at all times of the day or night, with power to force immediate entrance, if denied. Every dissector, on receiving a corpse, to examine the same minutely, to enter a description of it, with any marks, bruises, &c. in a book for that purpose; which book shall be produced, and shown to the visiting justices and constables whenever required, on penalty of six months' imprisonment. That no dissector shall commence his operations, or in any wise disfigure the corpse, until it shall have been in his possession twenty-four hours, on pain of a twelve months' imprisonment. That if, on examining his book, it shall appear that he has, unknowingly, received the corpse of any murdered person, he shall be committed for bail, himself in 500l. and two friends in 250l. each, until he shall have given information respecting the parties from whom he received the corpse, to the satisfaction of the magistrates;

to which might be added other stipulations which do not suggest themselves at first sight.

It may be said, that this would, in some measure, legalize the robbing of graves, but the fact is notorious, and as the proposed regulations do not require dissectors to give up the parties from whom they receive their subjects to the magistrates, except in suspicious cases, when marks of violence are visible, or when persons have disappeared; so the magistrates may, by one of those fictions, in which our law abounds, suppose that the bodies they find in their visitations have been brought from landlords, in whose houses the persons have died friendless, or from masters or mistresses of workhouses, or public schools, or from undertakers conveying them into the country, the body being clandestinely removed, and the rites of sepulture performed vicariously over an empty coffin—suppositions which are not idle ones.

LUCRETIVS.

#### FEMALE POLITICIANS.

How long the question of Parliamentary Reform has been agitated, we will not pretend exactly to determine; but, on the grounds upon which it is at present advocated, viz. the extension of the right of election, we suspect not more than fifty years, during which period it has often had for its advocates, men of rank, property, and talents. In the few years immediately preceding the French revolution, a strong effort was made in England to effect a reform in the representation, and it must be confessed, that the political societies of that day, boasted among their members, many highly respectable individuals. The strong arm of the law, however, suppressed those societies, and ever since that period, there has been no well organized body of reformers in this country; they have, in fact, split into numerous parties, both in Parliament and out of it, and have rather acted as guerillas, than as a disciplined corps.

It has been reserved for our own day, to produce a new race of reformers, among whom are men, whose contemptible talents and daring violence would ruin the best cause, and whose circumstances in life, are such, as to excite the suspicion of all who know them. That these men have been able, for a single moment, to mislead any of our honest countrymen, is a matter of regret, and can only be accounted for on the ground that the sufferings of the lower orders are such, as to induce them to listen to any project which promises, however fallaciously, the prospect of relief.

A still more remarkable feature of the present times, and one to which our notice is more immediately directed, is—that women have commenced reformers, formed themselves into societies, and discovered a spirit in the cause, which is quite new to us. History, ancient and modern, has recorded many instances, where, in eventful times, the women have interfered, and not unfrequently in this country. Hollinshed, in his Chronicles of Scotland, relates, that during the time that Lucius Antinous commanded the Romans in Britain, he sent for fresh succours to Rome, stating that 'the enemies were never more cruel and fierce, not only the men, but also the women, who cared not for the loss of their own lives, so that they might die revenged;' and in several of the combats, which the Britons had with the Romans, the women who were advanced in years, accompanied the men to the field, encouraging them to fight valiantly, and often assailed the



enemy with stones on their approach, while the younger ones fought in the ranks with the men. The same faithful historian relates, that 'Vorda assembled a mighty host of the Britons, amongst whom were five thousand women, wholly bent to revenge the villanies done to their persons, by the Romans, or to die in the paine.'

The exertions of the women of those days was in a noble cause—that of defending their country against powerful invaders; but, we cannot see any thing to admire in the conduct of the female reformers of the present day. We shall, however, proceed to notice a former period, in which the women overstepped the modesty of nature—a time when the country was distracted by internal divisions, which soon overturned the government.

During the reign of Charles I, when petitions from porters and apprentices were presented, and even from the beggars, the women were not idle; in 1642, headed by a brewer's wife, they presented a petition to the House of Commons, and, in 1643, as our historians inform us, two or three thousand women, with white silk ribbons in their hats, proceeded to the House of Commons, with a petition for peace, and having got it presented, the Commons returned for answer, 'That the House was no enemy to peace, and doubted not, in a short time, to answer the ends of their petition,' desiring them to return to their habitations; but the women were not satisfied with this answer, and remained about the house until their numbers increased to about five thousand, several men being among them disguised in woman's cloaths, who excited them to tumult. The trained bands thinking to frighten them, fired with powder, upon which the women cried out, 'Nothing but powder,' and began to pelt them with stones and brickbats, whereupon they fired with ball, and killed a ballad singer and some others, but this only enraged them the more, and they cried out the louder 'Give us these traitors that are against peace, that we may tear them in pieces; give us that dog Pym.' At last, a troop of horse arrived, and wounding several, dispersed them. Clarendon and Echard say, they were principally the wives of respectable inhabitants, but Rushworth, on whom we place more reliance, says, they were generally of the 'meaner sort'.

During these troublesome times, the interference of the women in politics was not unfrequent, and several petitions were presented by them to the House of Commons, for redress of some particular grievance under which the country appeared to them to labour. As the existence of such documents is not generally known, and few have seen them, we select one as a specimen; it is a petition to the Commons, during the Commonwealth, for the liberation of four persons, at that time in prison; it refers to a petition, which had previously been presented, though we believe not exclusively from the women; the petition which follows, appears to have been presented on the 5th of May, 1649.

'To the supreme authority of England, the Commons assembled in Parliament.

'The humble petition of divers well-affected women of the cities of London and Westminster, the borough of Southwark, hamlets, and parts adjacent. *Affecters and approvers of the petition of Sept. 11, 1648.*

'Sheweth,—That since we are assured of our creation in the image of God, and of an interest in Christ, equal unto men, as also of a proportionable share in the freedoms of this Commonwealth, we cannot but wonder and grieve, that we should

appear so despicable in your eyes, as to be thought unworthy to petition your Honourable House.

'Have we not an equal interest with the men of this nation, in those liberties and securities, contained in the Petition of Right, and other the good laws of the land? Are any of our lives, limbs, liberties, or goods, to be taken from us more than from men, but by due process of law, and conviction of twelve sworn men of the neighbourhood?

'And can you imagine us to be so sottish or stupid, as not to perceive, or not to be sensible, when dayly those strong defences of our peace and welfare are broken down, and trod under foot by force and arbitrary power?

'Would you have us keep at home in our houses, when men of such faithfulness and integrity as the *four prisoners*, our friends, in the Tower, are fetched out of their beds and forced from their houses by soldiers, to the affrighting and undoing of themselves, their wives, children, and families? Are not our husbands, ourselves, our children, and families, by the same rule, as liable to the like unjust cruelties as they?

'Shall such men as Capt. Bray be made close prisoners, and such as Mr. Sawyer snatcht up and carryed away, beaten and buffeted at the pleasure of some officers of the army; and such as Mr. Blanck kept close prisoner, and after most barbarous usage, be forced to run the gantlop, and be most slave-like and cruelly whipt; and must we keep at home in our houses, as if we, our lives, and liberties, and all, were not concerned.

'Nay, shall such valiant religious men as Mr. Robert Lockyer be lyable to law martial, and be judged by his adversaries, and most inhumanly shot to death? *Shall the blood of war* be shed in time of peace? doth not the word of God expressly condemn it? doth not the Petition of Right declare, that no person ought to be judged by law martial (except in time of warre), and that all commissions given to execute martial law in time of peace, are contrary to the laws and statutes of the land? Doth not Sir Edward Coke, in his chapter of murder, in the third part of his Institutes, hold it for good law (and since owned and published by the Parliament), that for a general or other officer of an army, in time of peace, to put any man (although a soldier), to death, by colour of martial law, it is absolutely murder in that general? And hath it not, by this house, in the case of the late Earl of Strafford, been adjudged high treason? And are we Christians, and shall we sit still and keep at home, while such men as have borne continual testimony against the injustice of all times and unrighteousnesse of men, be pickt out and be delivered up to the slaughter, and yet must we shew no sense of their sufferings, no tendernesse of affections, no bowels of compassion, nor bear any testimony against so abominable cruelty and injustice?

'Have such men as these continually hazarded their lives, spent their estates and time, lost their liberties, and thought nothing too precious for defence of us, our lives, and liberties, been as a guard by day and as a watch by night; and when, for this, they are in trouble and greatest danger, persecuted and hated, even to the death; and should we be so basely ungrateful as to neglect them in the day of their affliction?—No, far be from us; let it be accounted folly, presumption, madness, or whatsoever in us, whilst we have life and breath, we will never leave them, nor forsake them, nor ever cease to importune you (having yet so much hopes of you, as of the unjust judge mentioned Luke 18, to obtain justice, if not for justice sake, yet for importunity) or to use any other means for the enlargement and reparation of those of them that live, and for justice against such as have bin the cause of Mr. Lockier's death; Nor will we ever rest until we have prevailed, that we, our husbands, children, friends, and servants, may not be liable to be thus abused, violated, and butchered at men's wills and pleasures. But if nothing will satisfie but the blood of those just men, those constant, undaunted asserters of the people's freedoms, will satisfie your thirst, drink also, and be gluttet with our blood, and let us



fall together: take the blood of one more, and take all; slay one, slay all.

And therefore again we entreat you to review our last petition in behalf of our friends above-mentioned, and not to slight the things therein contained, because they are presented unto you by the weak hand of women, it being an usual thing with God, by weak means to work mighty effects; for we are no whit satisfied with the answer you gave unto our husbands and friends, but do equally with them remain lyable to those snares laid in your Declaration, which maketh the abettors of the book laid to our friends' charge, no less than traitors, when as hardly any discourse can be touching the affairs of the present times, but falls within the compass of that book; so that all liberty of discourse is thereby utterly taken away, then which there can be no greater slavery.

Nor shall we be satisfied, however you deal with our friends, except you free them from under their present extrajudicial imprisonment and force upon them, and give them full reparations for their forceable attachment, &c. And leave them from first to last, to be proceeded against by due process of law, and give them respect from you, answerable to their good and faithful service to the commonwealth.

Our houses being worse than prisons to us, and our lives worse than death; the sight of our husbands and children, matter of grief, sorrow, and affliction to us, until you grant our desires; and therefore, if ever you intend any good to this miserable nation, harden not your hearts against petitioners, nor deny us in things as evidently just and reasonable, as you would not be dishonourable to all posterity.

The women of those times, it will be seen, were not in the least deficient in spirit, nor is it likely that British females ever will be—but we so seldom witness the fiery spirit of our ladies amiably displayed, that we must certainly prefer seeing them domestically employed, to heading a mob or promoting political broils; their interference indicates little confidence in the wisdom or courage of the male population.

#### MY UNCLE: A SKETCH.

Just as he merits either praise or blame;  
And hence the man is valued; hence his fame.

'I first noticed you, Henry,' said my uncle, one day, in his counting-house, as he gave me the key of his iron-chest, 'because I thought you cheerful, dutiful, good-tempered, grateful, sincere, and assiduous; may these excellent qualities never leave you!' and glancing an affectionate smile towards me, he retired. Now, thought I, while I am under his care, I hope I shall be able to realise his good opinion;—but, I have digressed too soon, and am introducing myself instead of my benefactor. My uncle then is deformed, and not unfrequently insulted with the title of *my lord*\*. He is middle-aged, short of stature, awkward in his walk, but very quick, and persevering as the ant; his eye is dark and brightly penetrating, his complexion is sallow, but he is healthy. His voice is shrill, yet his delivery is as smooth as a stream, and the expressions of his countenance are as intelligent as the summer heavens; and he seems to prove the truth of the extempore lines of Watts, who, being once chid for his diminutive size, replied,

\* In the first year of the reign of king Richard III, commonly known by the name of *crookt-back*, six persons, unhappily deformed in that part of their bodies, were made *lords*, as a reward for the services they had formerly done the king; the novelty whereof caused the whole nation to make merry with those sort of people, by advising them to go to court, and receive an honour which nature seemed to have designed them for. 'Tis from this, says the Brit. App., we presume, the mock title of *my lord*, has been ever since peculiar to such persons.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
And grasp the ocean with my span;  
I must be measured by my soul;  
The mind's the standard of the man.

For those qualities, for which I gained my uncle's esteem, he should rather have said, were his, and not unworthy mine; yet, for all this, he is a peculiar man; he loves the heraldic splendours of his family, silver buttons on his coat, and it must be a blue; he has an aversion to snuff and tobacco, although he carries a little silver box with a tonquin-bean in it, for the civilities of the ladies; for he is unfortunately a bachelor! but he does not abuse himself like Shakespeare's Richard. 'Why does not the merchant marry?' say the ladies, 'he is a very pleasant little grotesque fellow, his good property, and is quite the gentleman!' very good; but the truth is,

There was a time when his young heart essay'd  
To love a sweetly fascinating maid;  
She was his own, and hope had whisper'd such;  
They fondly dreamt, but hope oft dreams too much;  
Disease was leagued with death, and oh! his *love*  
Was taken to the happy worlds above!

This often leads him into retirement and reflection, for the remembrance of our loves gone by are the sweetest nosegays of the mind, and the invisible beauties of feeling. He is not a *solitaire*; society espouses him as her advocate, and his criticism is not shewn, unless vain ignorance or quibbling pertness call for it. He is a friend 'to laughter, holding both his sides.' He can trip it too on 'the light fantastic toe;' and happy is the lady who might have him as her partner for the evening. Should politeness call him to a hand of cards, he will comply, but as an amusement only. He will join a party to a theatre, and no one can hustle through the crowd with more caution and success. In short, he is cut out for friendship, and should a female's form yet glitter before his eyes, in the resemblance of his lost and beloved Marian, I marvel not, Hymen would light them to the altar of domestic felicity, to make him a good husband and an affectionate father.

J. R. P.

#### ON THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

(From Kempius de Osculis.)

THE women of England not only salute their relations with a kiss, but all persons promiscuously, and this ceremony they repeat, gently touching them with their lips, not only with grace, but without the least immodesty. Such, however, as are of the blood royal, do not kiss their inferiors, but offer the back of the hand, as men do, by way of saluting each other.

The above is the description of Polydore Virgil.—Erasmus, in an epistle to an intimate friend, conceived in very pleasant terms, says thus,—

'Did you but know, my Faustus, the pleasures which England affords, you would fly here on winged feet, and, if your gout would allow you, you would wish yourself a Dædalus. To mention to you one among many things, here are nymphs of the loveliest looks, good humoured, easy of access, and whom you would prefer even to your favourite Muses. Here also prevails a custom never enough to be commended, that wherever you come, every one receives you with a kiss, and when you take your leave every one gives you a kiss: when you return, kisses again meet you. If any one leaves you, they leave



you with a kiss; if you meet any one, the first salutation is a kiss; in short, wherever you go, kisses every where abound; which, my Faustus, did you but once taste how very sweet and how very fragrant they are, you would not, like Solon, wish for a ten years exile in England, but would desire there to spend the whole of your life.'

Antonio Peres, secretary to the embassy from Philip the Second of Spain, writes thus to the Earl of Essex:—

'I have this day, according to the custom of your country, kissed at an entertainment seven females, all of them accomplished in mind, and beautiful in person.'

### Original Poetry.

#### ON THE BIRTH OF A FIRST-BORN.

THE mother's eye! her own dear eye!  
I should have wept to see  
Our baby's of another dye,  
For her's is all to me.

Her own dear eye as bright as blue,  
Each loveliest tint is there;  
And oh! it has that soften'd hue,  
So fondly passing fair.

There innocence supremely sweet  
Sits nestling in its smile;  
Or shuts its little lids to greet  
Its parent's gaze the while.

And we did gaze the live long hour,  
Till tears would win their way;  
It was not in our mortal pow'r  
To bid the torrent stay.

For she, my pride, that bore the bud  
That blossom'd so divine;  
Bedew'd it with her warmest flood  
That mingled into mine.

And then she gave a kiss to me,  
It was the sweetest yet;  
That in her fondest fervency,  
My mutual fervour met.

And she did clasp my hands again,  
And hug them to her breast;  
And oh! her lip it quiver'd then  
As on my lip it prest.

The tears we shed, they were, in truth,  
To desperation dear,  
And many a bitter pang shall soothe,  
The while we linger here.

And I will love her to the last,  
For ever and for aye;  
Nor when the bloom of youth is past,  
My love shall pass away.

X. X.

#### A LAMENT OVER THE REMAINS OF A YOUNG LADY.

HAS death been here, and can it be  
Those lovely orbs are closed in night;  
And must we never, never see  
Them beam again their wonted light!

Sure, beauty ling'ring on that face,  
The placid smile those lips put on,—  
Those features wearing every grace,  
Forbid that hope should yet be gone.

Still this cold hand—this stone-cold brow,  
This palid paleness o'er her spread,  
Tell the sad truth, that even now  
The fairest, loveliest, maid is dead.

Relentless death, is this thy deed,  
To blast the tender opening flow'r,  
And leave the old and worthless weed,  
Thy shaft hath spared full many an hour?  
But yet, 'tis done—to chide were vain,  
And vain were sorrow's fondest tears;  
They cannot call her back again,  
Tho' angels join'd their fervent prayers.

C. H.

#### A NYMPH'S LAMENT.

AH! Lubin, oh! wilt thou return to my breast?  
Oh! wilt thou return to relieve the distrest!  
Five years have elaps'd since you went to the seas,—  
No letters you've written—no tidings of ease.

Awake I'm in sorrow, asleep I'm in pain;  
My dreams they distract me of you on the main;  
O! I wonder if e'er thy dear face I shall see?  
Dear Lubin 'twould seem to be heaven with thee!

'Twas a sorrowful parting we felt at the shore;  
But we hoped to embrace when the voyage was o'er;  
Then you said with a smile, and a tear in your eye,  
The cot you would purchase, the ring you would buy.

O! here comes a letter with kisses outside;  
'Tis his writing, he's coming to make me his bride:  
No, it is not!—ah! me, all my wishes are fled,  
It brings me sad tidings!—dear Lubin is dead!

J. R. P.

#### TO ———.

WHILE the dreams of my youth are fading away,  
And the strength of my mind is sunk in decay—  
'Tis soothing to think that my hastening tomb  
May yet have a laurel to mock at its gloom.

I have sought not nor wish that my unbruted name  
Should be graced with the pomp or the folly of fame;  
'Twas enough for my soul in the height of its pride  
To be loved by the friend that its sorrows had tried.

Where now is the vision that glittering shone  
Through clouds that envelop'd the days that are gone,—  
The vision whose form my young fancy pourtrayed,  
In beauties too faithful to fly or to fade?

That vision hath vanished—each envious hour  
That followed its birth, took away from its power,  
Till my heart all bereft of the glittering theme,  
In phrenzy awoke from so faithless a dream.

'Tis vain—but I sometimes remember it still,  
And dwell on its charms in despite of my will;  
Till made, like a madman, in love with my pain,  
I sigh for the cheat to come o'er me again.

'Tis the spell of a moment—a light summer's cloud  
That hides, but o'ercomes not, the mind it has bowed;  
The mind, which, once more from its witchery free,  
Turns with pleasure and pride to repose upon thee!

And think when life ceases to glow in his form,  
And his bosom in death shall no longer be warm,  
Thou, dear one! wilt come to the grave's chilling gloom,  
And the laurel of friendship shall spring o'er his tomb!

J. W. D.

### Fine Arts.

#### LUKE CLENNELL.

THE distinguished merits of this unfortunate artist are too well known to require any eulogy from our pen; but his calamitous fate, and that of his helpless children, are



not, perhaps, so generally known as the interests of benevolence require. We are induced, therefore, to publish the following afflicting statement, which has been put forth by a committee of noblemen and gentlemen, (among whom are, the Earl of Bridgewater, the Right Hon. Charles Long, M. P., Sir John Leicester, Bart., B. West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy, &c.) who have associated for the generous purpose of superintending the publication of a print, from a picture by Clennell. The subject of the painting is the decisive charge of the Life Guards at Waterloo. Its merits alone might claim patronage; but the superior claims of the hapless infants of this more hapless father, will make, we should hope, all consideration of the former comparatively insignificant. The following are the circumstances which have given rise to this publication:—

Mr. Clennell, the painter, is a native of Morpeth, in the county of Northumberland, and was originally pupil to Mr. Bewick, of Newcastle. Specimens of his talents, as an engraver on wood, will be found in some of the most elegant publications of the day. The beautiful illustration of 'Roger's Pleasures of Memory,' from the designs of Stothard; and the diploma of the Highland Society, from a drawing by the venerable President of the Royal Academy, (the largest wood engraving of the age,) are both the productions of his hand. But his genius did not stop here. He had not been long in London before he was known to the public as a painter, and one, too, of no ordinary character. Possessing an active and ardent mind, he saw and estimated the advantages held out by the British Institution—he became one of its most assiduous students, and soon distinguished himself in its annual exhibitions. His rapid progress was marked by the admirers and lovers of art; and the patrons of the Institution, ever ready to foster and encourage excellence, early and munificently rewarded his exertions.

In the midst of this career of success, at the moment of completing a picture for the Earl of Bridgewater, representing the fete given by the City of London to the assembled sovereigns—a picture which had cost him unnumbered labour, and which he had executed in a way to command the admiration of all who saw it, even in its unfinished and imperfect state—he was afflicted with the most dreadful of maladies—the loss of reason! He has been now for nearly two and a-half years separated from his family and from society. This is but half the melancholy tale:—his wife, fondly attached to him, attending him day and night, fluctuating perpetually between the hope which the glimmerings of returning reason still held out, and the almost despair which followed on his again sinking into confirmed lunacy—at the moment, too, when she seemed to her friends to have overcome the severity of the trial, and was preparing to enter on some business, by which she might support her children, deprived of their father's aid—became herself the subject of the same malady, which, being accompanied with fever, soon terminated in her death. The death of a young mother of a young family, is always a most afflicting event; in the present instance, the visitation is singularly aggravated by the distressing situation of the father, whose disorder becomes every day more decided, and whose recovery is now placed almost beyond hope.

It is to provide for three young children, the eldest only eight years of age, that this publication is undertaken; and though the committee who conduct it can-

not but hope that the melancholy circumstances in which these little creatures are left, will not fail to excite the commiseration of the public, yet their main reliance is on the excellence of the publication as a work of art. The picture selected is a spirited and splendid composition, illustrative of a great national event; which, while it added much to the military glory of the country, is still more endeared to all our memories, by its having given peace to a conflicting world.

A fine etching has already been produced from this beautiful picture, by Mr. Bromley, and the engraving will be finished very shortly.

### The Drama.

THE theatres, during the last week, have been barren of novelty; the manager of the *English Opera House* holds on 'the even tenor of his way' in continuing to act those pieces which become nightly more confirmed in the public estimation; and *Belles without Beaux*, *Walk for a Wager*, and Mr. Reeve's Imitations, continue to attract full houses. At the *Haymarket Theatre*, a new farce was produced on Friday night last, entitled, '*Belford and Minton; or, There and Back Again*,' which was very deservedly condemned; the dialogue was poor, and it was without plot or incident, but these were not its greatest faults; the grossness, nay, open licentiousness of the language, were disgusting in the extreme, and we cannot but express our astonishment, that in an age when every auditor is a Jeremy Collier, and when, whatever profligacy or licentiousness may exist, it is always spurned in public, that the manager of this theatre should so far outrage decency as to bring out a farce which would barely have been tolerated half a century ago, when the manners of the people were certainly much more gross, although, perhaps, equally sincere. When such performers as Terry, Liston, Mrs. Davenport, and the beautiful Miss Blanchard, cannot save a farce from immediate condemnation, it must be bad indeed.

Mr. Elliston, who has become the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, at an annual rental of 10,200*l.*, is making active preparation for the opening.

### Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

The Rev. George Croby, A. M. author of the poem intitled *Paris*, is preparing for the press *Specimens of the Living British Poets*, with biographical notices and critical remarks.

*Gunpowder*.—Lieut. Varnhagen, a German in the Brazils, has discovered that saw-dust, particularly of soft wood, mixed with gunpowder, in equal parts, has thrice the strength of powder alone, when used in blowing rocks.

The fifth and sixth volumes of Franklin's *Memoirs* in 8vo. containing his posthumous writings, are in the press.

*Russian Spirit Level*.—This instrument is formed of a circular case of metal, containing the fluid, closely covered by a glass-top, not much differing in size and shape from a watch crystal, but somewhat flatter. When the air bubble reaches the highest part of the convex cover, it proves the instrument adjusted to a superficial level. The cylindrical spirit level used in this country can only determine lineal levels, which gives the Russian level a decided advantage over it.

*Sound*.—The bow of a violin drawn gently over the edge of a large drinking glass, produces a delightful liquid note;



but, drawn rapidly, it creates a vibration which usually breaks the glass.

*New Species of Tea.*—The plant, called *Xenopoma Thea Sinensis*, is a species of the tea plant hardly known to the English, and not imported by them as an article of commerce. It was brought into France about two years ago, by a Russian, and has lately been examined by order of the minister of the interior. Its virtues are found to be sudorific and stomachic. The leaves may be used green, immediately, as they are gathered from the plant. It is easily cultivated, and though it requires a hot-bed in northern climates, yet, it is thought, that in the warmer exposures, and under the climate of the South of France and Italy, it would soon become naturalized. The plant is now delivering at Paris, for the purpose of multiplying its growth, with printed directions for its culture, manner of using it, &c.

*Microscopes.*—Single microscopes of very high magnifying powers, may be thus made:—take a slip of platina foil, and make a number of holes in it, of from 1-15th to 1-7th of an inch diameter; place in each hole a piece of glass of a smooth fracture, and without any scratches; melt the glass with a blow pipe; when cold it will be found to have assumed the form of a sphere, and to adhere strongly to the foil, so as to constitute a lens properly set.

*The Comet.*—A Quebec paper, for July last, states that the comet had been seen there; it appeared about 15 or 20 deg. above the horizon. Its declination is nearly 50 deg. North, so that it is visible all night, near the eye of the Lynx, and about 20 deg. West by North of the bright star Capella. Its altitude at midnight was about 4 or 5 deg. and its appearance was then extremely faint.

### The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascuntur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

*A Bibliomaniac.*—A celebrated English bookseller once made a journey to Paris, to make some rare acquisitions, but was seized there by a mortal malady, at the very moment of a grand sale. As often as an abatement of his pains would suffer him to articulate a syllable, he took advantage of it, to ask after the events of the day, at what price such an *editio princeps*, some precious Elzevir, or some rare pamphlet, had been sold? For some time, half conquered by death, he gave but slight indications of life, when all at once raising himself up, with his eyes half shut, he called out what o'clock is it? Midnight. Has the Boccaccio been sold? Yes. Was it to Mr. Such-an-one, (mentioning the name of an amateur for whom he took a great interest;) 'no,' said this amateur, who lingered by the bedside of his old friend, 'I dined too late, and it was knocked down before I arrived.' 'Sir,' replied the bibliopole in wrath, 'when one wishes to have such an edition as that was of Boccaccio, they ought either to dine in proper time, or not dine at all.' And with these words he breathed his last.

*The Marlborough Sword.*—When Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, was called upon by the court of Chancery to deliver up a sword of great value belonging to her late husband, she appeared with it before the chancellor, and desired she might have some security, that the family to whom it was surrendered should not pawn it. 'For,' said she, 'I should be sorry to see the sword which that great man wore, exhibited in a pawnbroker's shop.' This sword, respecting which there has been lately so much legal discussion, is that with which the emperor of Germany invested John, duke of Marlborough, with the lordship of Mindelheim.

*Dean Swift.*—In a MS. in the British Museum, which belonged to Partridge, the Almanack maker, among other historical notes in the margins of the Ephemeris, is the following for October, 1712, on Swift and the band-box plot. 'At the

end of this month the villains made the band-box plot, to blow up Robin and his family, with a couple of inkhorns; and that rogue Swift was at the opening of the band-box, and the discovery of the plot.' Swift was certainly no favourite with Partridge, for in a 'List of Jure Divino villains,' in the same MS. he thus records him, 'Swift, a bog-trotter, and a very rogue.'

*Republican Offices.*—The following articles, copied from two United States Papers, present the singular novelties of a candidate for the legislature who *cannot write his name*, and a difficulty of procuring any person to fill the office of judge:—

'*Mr. Printer.*—Please to insert in your Indiana Register, that I stand a candidate in opposition to Colonel Paxton and W. Todd, for the legislature.

his  
ABRAHAM X MILLER.  
mark.

*Vevay Register.*

'*Who will take an Office—ho!*—It is a principle of pure republicanism, that offices should be so profitless as not to be sought after. To this state of perfectibility have the North Carolinians arrived, for there the offices actually go a-begging, as for instance—

'*Raleigh, (N. C.) July 24.*—The executive council have been notified to meet in this city on the 10th of next month, for the purpose of making the third attempt to *beg* some gentleman of respectable standing at the bar, to accept of the judge of the highest court in our state!!'—*Salem Gazette.*

*Epigram from the French.*

Sweetest of creatures! to complete my bliss,  
From those dear lips I stole a balmy kiss,  
But if you therefore should offended be,  
Take your revenge and do the same by me.

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We must again beg the indulgence of our Correspondents, for the omission of several articles, intended for the present number.

J. P. T. in our next.

WILFORD, J. A., and L., as early as possible.

Y. F. and C. T. are received.

Mr. Newman is requested to send to our office.

'*QUIZ*' is informed, that the expense of printing the wrapper of the First Part of the *Literary Chronicle*, with the sewing, costs us the additional Sixpence, against which he complains; it was prepared with the single wish of pleasing purchasers, and not with any view to additional gain. A few sets of the *Literary Chronicle* in numbers, may be had at our Publishers, for the accommodation of such as prefer purchasing them in that way.

X. Y. is informed, that each volume of the *Literary Chronicle* will be complete in itself, with Title and Index.

Errata in our last, p. 198, col. i, line 38, for 'superior' read 'inferior,' and in part of our impression, p. 208, in the Prophetic Epigram, by Walter Scott, Esq. for 'Autumn's leaves' read 'Autumn's winds.'

This day is published, price One Shilling.

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